

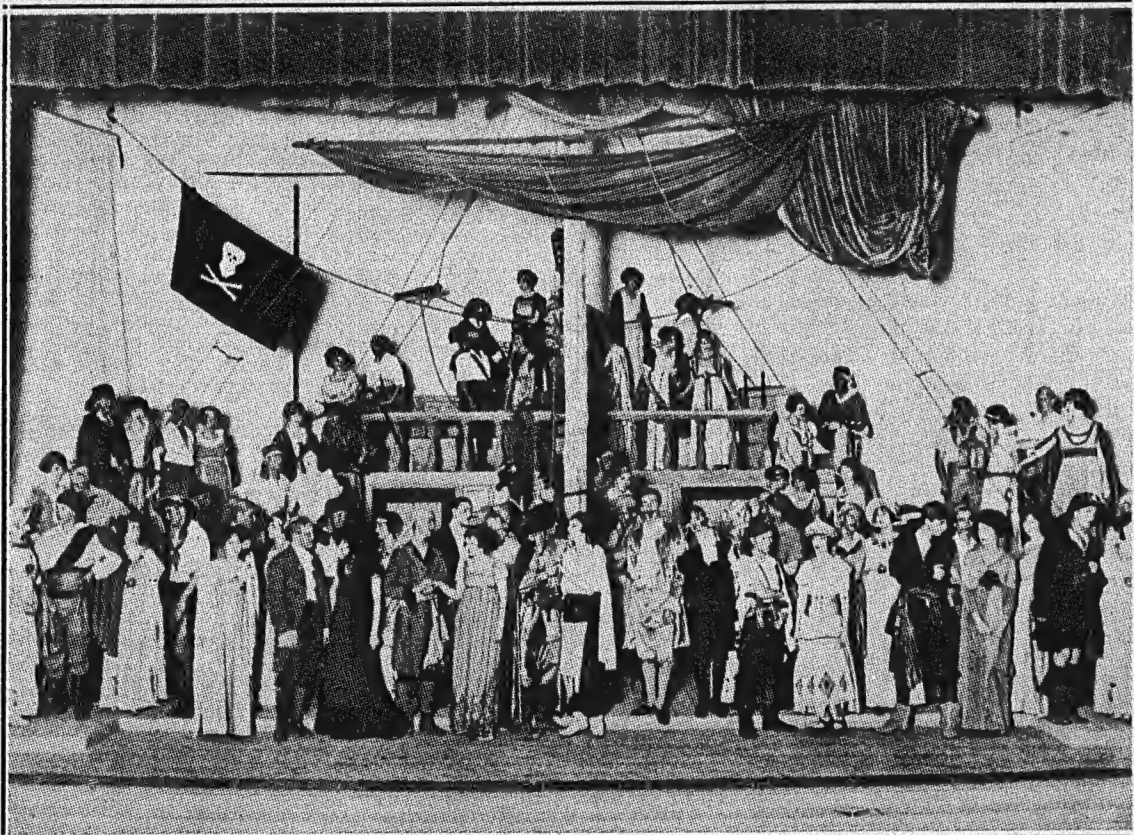
DISTINGUISHED ITALIANS TO SPEAK HERE

HISTORICAL PLAYS CONTINUED BY DEPT.

Life of Lord Selkirk Presented in Radio Play

This week's play to be presented by the Department of Extension is Lord Selkirk. To the casual visitor walking down a Winnipeg street, he only sees a huge city, with tall buildings and spacious homes. But many years before such was not the case, nor was it this way when Thomas Douglas, Earl of Selkirk, founded his first colony. Nor did this great city attain its greatness by easy means. It was only through the steadfastness and courage of the first settlers that enabled this city to be the grain centre of Western Canada. One of these first settlers was a Mr. McLeod. As the conditions in Scotland were so bad in 1812 he was persuaded by Lord Selkirk to go to his Red River settlement. Selkirk had purchased this out of his money in order to open up the great wheat fields of the west, and by colonizing it to relieve conditions in Scotland. He had agreements with the Hudson's Bay Company. However, the rival company, the Northwest Company, put every obstacle in the way of furthering the progress of the settlement. They spread stories that Lord Selkirk was only doing this for his own remuneration; they drove the settlers away; they ordered the arrest of any one who traded in that vicinity. The government would not help, and affairs grew so bad that only Dan McLeod was left. Lord Selkirk feared that all his dreams and aspirations were doomed to failure. However, he managed, although under arrest, to visit his colony, and he inspired them to greater courage. He made a treaty with the Indians which was a noble work of pacification. After this he returned to Scotland to stand trial. He was acquitted, but he lost all his fortune. He died in 1820, in the midst of hopelessness and ruin. Others reaped the harvest of his dream—till today we see a great city spreading over his plains—Winnipeg, the Queen City of an Empire of Wheat.

JOAN OF THE NANCY LEE



CAST FOR PHILHARMONIC OPERA

This depicts one of the scenes from the coming opera, "Joan of the Nancy Lee," which will be presented by the Philharmonic Society in Convocation Hall, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 16 and 17, at 8:15 p.m.

The curtain will rise to the tune of clashing steel and flashing swords as the pirate band, under the leadership of Captain Dick, carry out their midnight marauding and mid-ocean plundering. But little do they realize what is in store for them when they capture a bevy of beautiful girls, who—but need we say more? Come and see for yourself.

The leading roles are being taken by George Conquest and Anne Bowstead. George Conquest takes the part of Captain Dick and Ann Bowstead takes the part of Captain Joan, leader of the chorus of bridesmaids. The past accomplishments of these artists and their parts played in past operas such as "Bohemian Girl," speak well for the success of "Joan of the Nancy Lee." Other artists will be introduced in a later issue of The Gateway.

The men's and ladies' choruses are working hard on their parts, and show promise of placing the finishing touches to the comedy in a highly polished manner.

Fascist Italy Subject of Three Lectures This Week

Signorina Bernardy and Don Colunno to Speak in Convocation Hall

The National Council of Education is sponsoring a series of lectures to be given by distinguished Italian speakers, Don Mario Colunno and Signorina Amy Bernardy in Convocation Hall tonight and the two succeeding evenings. Their program is as follows:

Tuesday, Feb. 6: Don Mario Colunno will speak on Italy from 1914-1922.

Wednesday, Feb. 7: Signorina Amy Bernardy will address the students of Social Reconstruction in Italy.

Thursday, Feb. 8: Don Colunno will again address us, this time on The Corporate State.

The lectures of Tuesday and Wednesday will start at 8:30, while the one on Thursday commences at 8:15.

Don Mario Colunno, duce di Rignano is the son of a prominent Italian nobleman, the Prince Colunno. The Prince Colunno was the former Ambassador to Great Britain. His son Mario Colunno was educated at Cambridge University. He is thus extremely well qualified to speak to an English audience on Italian Fascist policies and matters concerning Italy in general. Don Mario is also an author of some note, one of his works on monetary problems being regarded as of outstanding merit by economists.

During his visit in Edmonton Don Mario Colunno is also making several addresses across town for such clubs as the Kiwanis and Canadian. His lecture to the Canadian Club will take the form of a luncheon address, and will be on "Italy and World Affairs."

NOTICE

Hugh Arnold will address a general meeting of the S.C.M. Thursday, Feb. 15th, at 4:30, in A-236. The topic will be "The Hamilton Conference of December, 1933."

SPOKE LAST NIGHT



DON MARIO COLUNNO

Discussed Italian developments from 1914 to 1922. Don Mario bears a name famous in Italian history through the last five hundred years, and his assurances of Italy's desire for peace and her efforts toward economic restabilization, bore witness to his enthusiasm for the new regime.

PLANS LAID FOR FROSH RECEPTION

Informal Dance to Be Held On February 24th

The Freshman Reception to Sophomores is to be held Saturday, Feb. 24th, in Athabasca Hall, from 8:30 to 12 o'clock. Tickets will be \$1.25 a couple, and the dance will be strictly informal.

The ticket sale will commence Monday, Feb. 19th, in the basement of the Arts. The executive promises good music and tempting refreshments, and are hoping that the Freshman Class will really see that their dance is a real success.

To avoid confusion, programs may be booked in advance, and it was therefore decided to sell the programs in place of tickets.

NOTICE

Edmonton Ski Club meet, Sunday, Feb. 18. Events:

1. Men's cross country, class A and B.

2. Men's jump, class A and B.

3. Ladies' cross country.

4. Ladies' slalom race.

Entries from the University Club must be turned in to R. F. Logie, secretary, or to any member of the Ski Club executive, before Feb. 10.

HOUSE ECCERS WIN APPLAUSE

Novel Decorations Featured at Successful Undergrad Formal

The Undergrad, subject of much discussion for the past two weeks, proved to be amazingly successful. This was not only due to the banishment of booked dances, but also to the splendid management of the House Ec. Club.

A new idea was featured in the decoration scheme. In the sitting room soft lamps and the cheery flames of the fire cast a restful glow on the chairs and couches covered with Wauneta blankets. This produced a pleasing informal atmosphere. Beyond this, in the dining-room, the walls were decorated by amusing cartoons and clever verses written in the peculiar vernacular of the House Eccers. In here, also, chairs were covered with Wauneta blankets, and ruddy colored spotlights gave a pleasing effect. Another unusual feature was the presence of John Bowman's orchestra.

During an intermission guests were entertained by dancers from Kinney's dancing school.

The patronesses of this delightful dance were Mrs. Kerr, Mrs. MacDonald, Miss Patrick, Miss McIntyre, and Miss Duggan.

DRAMAT SOCIETY RADIO PLAYS

Marion Clark Presents Amusing Sequels to Famous Plays

The Dramatic Society has branched out into another field of endeavour, that of broadcasting. They are producing a series of 10 to 15-minute plays each Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock. These plays are in the form of dramatic sequels to famous plays. They are very interesting as well as amusing. So far sequels to "She Stoops to Conquer" and "Hamlet" have been given. This week "The School for Scandal" is to be presented. These are under the direction of Marion Clark. The entire cast includes University students.

These plays were started soon after the New Year, and are proving very successful. Any who are interested in this phase of dramatics are asked to get in touch with Miss Clark.

MANITOBA AND B.C. MEET THIS EVENING

Alberta to Debate Over Air Next Tuesday

The universities of Manitoba and British Columbia will clash over the air this evening on the resolution of Capital Punishment, the University of Manitoba contending that it should be abolished. This debate will be heard over all the stations of the Canadian Radio Commission from Winnipeg to the Coast. The judges of this debate are in Edmonton, and consist of Dean Howes, Mr. Ottewell and Dr. Shipley.

A week tonight the University of Alberta will debate for the last time on the western hook-up. Following this debate, the winners of the prairie circuit will meet the winners of the east in a Trans-Canada broadcast. The subject will be relative to the International Control of Minerals. Cecil Collier and Albert Duncan will represent Alberta.

I Saw This Week

Jean Irving explaining why the Undergrad was not the best dance of the year.

Jay Burke in a lather, due to life-buoy and I Saw This Week.

Olive Young in her "Gateway Special" at the Undergrad.

Ted Bishop handing in his epitaph.

Arn Henderson, Ken Smith and Claire Malcolm foxing the Moose Dancers.

Harold Riley returning his \$3.00, thus making sure of his copy of Evergreen and Gold.

Kay Swallow in time for a basketball practice—Believe It or Not!

P. A. Miskew looking at the front page of the Bulletin.

Taurus explaining to someone that he didn't have time to write his column.

Alien Corn Portrays Life In Middle West University

SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING REVEALED

Strog Play to be Presented by Dramatic Society — Conflicting Struggles of Ambition and Fear Portrayed

Sidney Howard in "Alien Corn" has written a play in which the lives of a little group at a Middle-Western University are revealed with humor and with sympathy. The central figure of the play, "Elsa Brandt," is a teacher of music in a small girls' college. She has been brought up in the tradition of all that is finest in German music, and her ambition to become a concert pianist—"one of the great ones"—has been fostered since babyhood by her old father. Brandt—a once-famous violinist—has seen his dreams for himself die one by one, and his whole life now centres in Elsa's music and the longing to return to Vienna, where they belong. "Alien Corn" is a dramatic and sensitive portrayal of the battle of Elsa's indomitable ambition with her fear of relinquishing "security" and with her love for Harry Conway, the son of the founder of the college, and representative of all that is most foreign to the girl musician.

The play rises to a terrific climax in the third act, when Elsa makes her decision.

"Alien Corn" calls for an actress who can interpret with delicacy and with strength all the varying moods of Elsa Brandt. Elsa is to be played by Sarah Yampolsky, who has been seen in "See Naples and Die," "Counsellor at Law," and a number of important Edmonton productions. The cast is as follows:

Ottokar Brandt.....Bert Ramelson
Elsa.....Sara Yampolsky
Julian Entwistle.....Eric Johnston
Harry Conway.....Edward McCormick
Muriel, his wife.....Magdalena Polley
Stockton.....Lewis Thomas
Watkins.....Al East
Skeats.....Mr. Elson
Phipps, of the Gazette

Allan MacDonald
Mrs. Skeats.....Gwen Pharis
A piano tuner, an expressman, a chauffeur, a policeman.

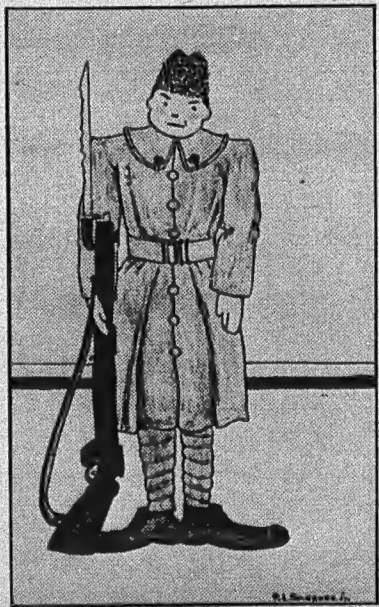
The play is to be directed by Albert Cairns, who has been active in the Edmonton Little Theatre and University Dramatics, and whose work in "The Road of the Poplars" won high commendation.

"R.U.R."

Tickets for "R.U.R.," which the Edmonton Little Theatre is presenting at the Empire Theatre on Saturday evening, February 10, may be obtained at the Empire box office on Friday and Saturday. Tickets are priced from 50 cents.

GESTLEY—HIS NOTICE!

Everybody turn out for intensive training for the next three weeks—Alberta Bears will meet the Saskatchewan Huskies here either February 24th or March 3rd. Watch the notice boards tie hours. The Wednesday for announcements as to practice for men and Friday for women will be continued, but other hours will be secured as well. Coach Jimmy Crockett will be on hand.



PROCTER ON PARADE

ACCOMPANIES LECTURER



DONNA COLUNNO

Who is in Edmonton with her husband, on a lecture tour under the auspices of the National Council of Education. The eminent visitors are speaking in Convocation Hall on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday.

SECOND MEMBER FOLLOWS MISKEW

P. A. Miskew Seems to Have Started Something When He Burst His Bombshell on Friday

P. A. Miskew, second year Law student at the University of Alberta, and member for Victoria, seems to have started something when he signified his intention of taking his place among the Liberal benches when the House opens. He was followed last night by Omar St. Germain, U.F.A. member for Vegreville, who will also sit with the Liberals from now on.

Mr. Miskew's decision came after he had been asked to move the speech from the throne, and came as a surprise to everyone, including his friends at the University. He has as yet given no specific reason for his action, stating merely that he could no longer conscientiously support the policies of the Government. Mr. St. Germain will give his reasons on the floor of the house when it opens.

VOCATIONAL ADVICE GIVEN TO FRESHMEN

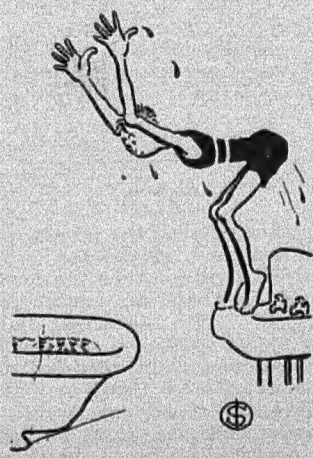
First of Informal Evening Meetings Held Monday

An address was given Monday night by Dr. Wallace to the new first and second year students on the choosing of a vocation. It is, stated Dr. Wallace, no use to go into a profession that holds no interest to the chooser. It is better to make a choice in the latter years of University life than to be uncertain and choose blindly. He gave different qualities needed for the professions.

He went on to show how the University graduate approaches the business life at the wrong angle. The graduate does not consider unimportant details and does not want to do small things. While the boy who left school at sixteen is willing to start in and to consider everything treacherous boy will succeed much better. At first the ter, but after the age of thirty-five the University man will surpass him. Following this, Dr. Wallace pointed out that there are two things to work at in the scientific field. One is people and the other is research work. In the latter a person must be careful of the facts and have an indefinite patience.

As to the remuneration of the professions, the statistics of Yale were given. The highest is medicine, then dentistry, law, engineering, teaching and the ministry.

At the end of the talk a time was set aside for the asking of questions. Many students were able to clear up difficulties that they had regarding the work after graduation and the various fields that each profession included. Dr. Wallace was assisted in answering these questions by Dr. Shaner, Dr. Fryer and Mr. Ottewell.



JUST A SWIMMER



THE GATEWAY

The Undergraduate Newspaper, published by The Students' Union of the University of Alberta
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BUSINESS STAFF

A FLAG FOR CANADA

Yet again the demand is being made for a Canadian flag, a wholly and legally Canadian flag. The National Council of the Native Sons of Canada have submitted their choice. They say, "In view of the need of a distinctive Canadian National Flag, the National Council . . . presents for your consideration and for the purpose of discussion the above design." To this we see only two objections: we don't like their design and we don't understand the need for it.

The proposed flag is divided into two solid colours, the upper half blue, and the lower red. A nine pointed white star is placed in the centre with a green maple leaf superimposed on it; the design is reminiscent of the standard of a heathen tribe. In our opinion the flag that is now generally used is far superior to this monstrosity.

Strictly speaking, the "bunting" we have become accustomed to is not a national flag; it is the ensign of the Merchant Marine. Just why this is so irritating to patriots we can't understand, but if they insist that the flags be different, then why not give a new one to the Marines rather than change the one to which we have become accustomed?

The small Union Jack in the upper corner is symbolic of Canada's connection with the Empire. Why should one of the last signs of the fast-fading connection be abolished? Any position in the world that Canada has depends on our important place in the British Empire. These fanatics with their mania not for real national freedom, but for obvious superficial freedom, are gradually loosening all the ties that bind us to the mother country. Surely Canada now has all the liberty of action she can wish, so instead of widening the gulf between us, let us try and lessen it. It seems impossible to do it by economic means, so we must retain our union by bonds of sympathy and affection.

If these people with their "Canada First" shibboleth would consider what would happen to Canada if she did not have Great Britain to depend on, they wouldn't be quite so willing to scrap all symbols of our union. It would be disastrous for Canada to leave the League and the British Empire. Do these indigenous sons wish us to occupy the same position that Central American states have in international affairs, to be a little brother to the United States? Yet this will be the result if we follow the lead of these egocentric nationalists.

Why not realize that Canada is not a great power that can travel alone as it will and do exactly what it wishes. We can't, never will be able to, and shouldn't want to. Nationalism is running rampant, and the last thing we should want is splendid isolation. The thought of having to consume all our own wheat alone is terrifying; about 200 loaves per day for every man, woman and child, and this is what would be the result of our withdrawal from the world.

Great Britain in the past has been a wise counsellor. Let us remain in the fold and depend on her. —D. M.

SEATS IN CONVOCATION HALL

We do not like devoting the editorial column to such a discussion, but when the most current excuse for not attending lectures and debates is that one cannot sit through anything in that chamber of horrors, something ought to be done about it.

We realize that these are convenient seats as far as the janitors are concerned, but they do more than anything else to cut our attendance down. It is not much fun to spend weeks preparing a play or a debate, and then find the house half full of squirming people, and the vacant chairs glaring up at you, their jaws wide open for unwary victims.

We would not advocate a general strike on Convocation Hall events until this evil is rectified, but the matter certainly ought to be presented to the Students' Union.

GLEANNING FROM A DIARY, 1932

ALL FOR A FORMAL

I went to the Undergrad! What a chore, what a treat!

Weeks Before

Conversation No. 1—

"Are you going to the Undergrad?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Good, let's exchange a dance."

"A-ah, O.K. Who you taking?"

"Daisy Flowers."

"Oh! I don't know her, but that doesn't matter. I don't know my other partners either. I hope they can dance."

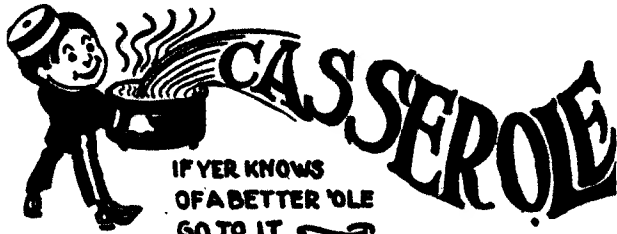
"Hey there, George, are you going?"

"Got the ninth dance open?"

"No, I haven't, but I've got the second extra."

"O.K."

Conversation No. 2—



TUCK SHOP TRAGEDIES

(Scene 1)

Place—Under a table in Tuck.

Time—10:30 Saturday morning.

Pete Rule is grovelling on the floor over an under-turned table (or vice versa).

Rule—I'm sunk! I'm sunk!

Clatter and commotion follow (cups and saucers crash violently on Pete's head).

Enter Mr. McC. (in single file), with tears streaming down his face he utters in dismay—Alas and alack, woe is me!

"I woe-n't do it again," cries Peter, as he struggles vainly to rise to his elbows, but due to the well known elbow grease he collapses again muttering muffled gutturals. "Ah nerts!" mumbles our Peter, and resumes his reclining position.

Munroe Williamson (hoarsely)—Did I hear someone say woe?

(Curtain)

(Scene 2)

Place—Around a table in Tuck.

Time—10:30.

Reggie (Buckshot) Dumbell enters smoking a pipe (giving atmosphere to our scene). He blows a huge cloud of smoke in the centre of the table. The smoke clears away and Eyton Embury emerges, hatless. She sees Mrs. Rule's li'l boy, and moans in her deep Dietrich voice. "Woe is me, and what has happened to my poor little hockey player?"

Harry Gibson—You know, Embury time I'm Eyton here I always see her.

Harry fails to Peter to the draw; a casualty results. "Rule pay for this," snarled Gibson laughingly, as he passed into unconsciousness.

(Curtain)

(Scene 3)

Place—Before a table in Tuck.

Time—10:30.

Bob Brown's bountiful bevy of beautiful babies Bob in doing a ballet dance led by "Bubbles," whereupon that mighty gastric rumbler Bonn Smith trips in crooning obnoxiously, "Hoot, hoot, hoot, I'm a hoot owl."

Ken McIves (who plays the part of a mob from Glasgow), ejaculates in unison—Hoot mon!

Harry Gibson comes to and queries—Hoot do you think I saw las—

At this point McIves and his gang of highlanders return Gibson to his previous state of oblivion.

(Curtain)

(Scene 4)

Enter Jean MacMurchy. "Murch" butts a cigarette languidly and then places it between the top of her eat and her skull. She coyly gurgles a gurgling giggle. Suddenly she collapses beside the prostrate Peter. "Woe is me," she murmurs. With the help of Eyton, Peter is placed in a chair. Marion Mangen enters with a Lime Crush. Peter partakes of this invigorating beverage, revives immediately, and the whole company gathers round and murders that well known ditty, "Lime forever blowing Bubbles."

(Curtain)

Finis.

We hear that Bill Proctor is contemplating leaving the C.O.T.C. He was standing on the corner of Jasper and 101st street after the parade at the armories last Saturday when an old lady approached him and asked how much he would charge to drive her to the south side in his cab.

Ken Smith—I'm a different man since I met her.

Rolfe Barnes—How's that?

Spider—I gave her the wrong name and address. —Exchange.

Waiter—Isn't this good chicken?

Chuck Perkins—It may have been morally, but physically it's a wreck.—Exch.

Larry Berkman claims that snoring is the original sheet music.

Non-Resident—It smells as though they were fuming Athabasca.

Resident—Don't be foolish. They're only cooking dinner.

Modern Version

Esau was a cowboy,
His wild and woolly make,
His father gave him half the farm
And half to brother Jake.
But Esau thought his title
To the land was not quite clear,
So he sold it to his brother
For a sandwich and a beer.

Alchemy

My analyse over the ocean,
My analyse over the sea,
Oh, who will go over the ocean,
And bring back my anatomy?
—McGill Daily.

A live bacterium reported found in a meteorite by a professor at the University of California would tend to prove that our earth is not the only inhabited planet in the universe.



PERCIVAL IS DELETE-FUL

Feb. 3, 1934.

Editor, The Gateway.

Sir,—If there is anything utterly repugnant to the fastidiousness of an Hodnut, 'tis the repeated filling of your correspondence column with several consecutive and uninteresting letters from uninteresting people. You will thus have a faint idea of my nausea on so soon again finding therein a letter from myself.

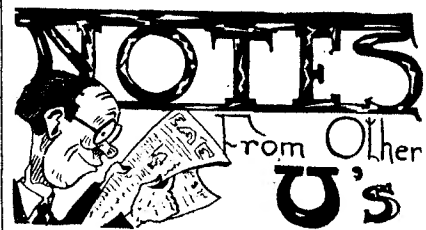
Almost precisely two months ago I mailed you the copy of my Pot Pourri column for the issue of your journal which was next to leave the press. A week later I heard that it had been lost from your august person and would therefore not appear in print. Imagine my late consternation on seeing it reappear, in The Gateway! (January 30 issue).

The bone of contention, sir, is: that I was not asked as to whether it would be permissible to publish that now-ancient and vitiated material, and, failing that, steps were not taken to carefully delete out-of-date portions and puns since repeated in Pot Pourri in the belief that they had gone into the limbo of forgotten articles.

It is a rule of mine never to repeat one of my puns in Pot Pourri. This is a characteristic the Hodnut reader coterie has come to expect; the puns, say they, may be bad, very bad, but (Thank God!) they will never be repeated. I accuse you, sir, of having violated an innocent faith; I might go so far as to say in addition, of blighting the career of a young and hitherto carefree columnist, but an Hodnut (I insist it is "an Hodnut") is not easily blighted. Your apologies, Mr. Editor!

I derive a certain pleasure in thanking "Contribute Heart" for the regret expressed on learning that his plagiarism of the Asterisk Poetry form and substance had aroused me. He errs in thinking that I have prohibited general use of the form. Not so: I deplored a plagiarism perhaps pure and certainly simple. But, "we resolved to keep the flame of Asterisk Poetry burning brightly"—that pleases me! Forward, oh Neophyte: the Master himself promises to aid thy faltering steps. He feels the Muse's urging e'en now. . . .

PERCIVAL HODNUT.



Student Utopia in Japan Revealed

Palo Alto, Cal. — Students who think education at Stanford is too dry—both as to professors and as to drinking—would prefer a Japanese university.

In Japan the students may drink openly, and when they don't like a professor he has to resign. This joyful news of a student Utopia comes from Hillis Lory, instructor in political science, who came to Stanford this fall after lecturing for several years at the Hakkaido Imperial University in northern Japan.

Lory pointed out that there is drinking in Japan even at university gatherings, and that one university president who said the students couldn't drink beer at the annual college picnic was forced to resign when the students demanded that he do so.

"Japanese students have considerable authority regarding the policies of the universities they attend," Lory explained. "If the students as a whole dislike a professor, he usually has to leave. The student body even dictates policies regarding textbooks. The classes appoint leaders."

—McGill Daily.

Wife of professor—Do you know it is 10 years ago today that we became engaged?

Professor—Heavens! Why didn't you remind me before. It is high time we were married.

A Pun, My Word!

A rascal at the University of Maryland recently stole some undergarments from a clothesline of the Gamma Phi sorority house. The law must take its course—he was immediately arrested and arranged before the judge, and was as quickly released as arrested, pleading that it was his first slip.

College Students State Preference For Chesterfields

Stanford, Cal.—They satisfy! At least they satisfy the majority of cigarette-smoking Stanfordites who voted Chesterfields their favorite in a survey made recently by a New York commodity research bureau to determine the favorite brand of college cigarettes.

From the total of the men students questioned here, 39 per cent. indicated Chesterfields as the cigarette they usually smoked. Camels were second with 26 per cent., Lucky Strikes third with 14 per cent., and Old Golds trailing with 4 per cent.

Next in order, with but a few supporters, were Philip Morris, Tareytons, Raleighs, English Ovals, and Spuds. One thrifty youth who makes his taste suit his purse, named the 10-cent Wings as his favorite.

Among the Stanford women, the tastes ran the same way, 42 per cent. preferring Chesterfields, 25 per cent. Camels, and 19 per cent. Luckies. Whether this similarity is due to the fact that the co-eds are not buying their own cigarettes and smoking those provided by boy friends, was not indicated.

Of the men questioned, only 5 per

POT POURRI

By Percival Hodnut

Shaw the Shiverer of Shibboleths, Nichols the Nirvanian, Joyce the Jubilant, Councils, Angels—This Week's Menu for Morons.

"I do not know anything that is handsomer than the really good-looking young Englishman. He has got the beauty of the Borzoi dog. Though the Borzoi dog is an irresistibly attractive-looking dog, he has absolutely no brains, just brains enough to feed himself."

Thus our old friend G.B.S. However, this Shavian thrust brings no more from us than the observation that if the Upsetter of Applecarts is devilish witty, he is a pretty good hand at concealing the fact sometimes. Why do we think this? Oh, now, NOW! . . . We aren't even English, let alone good-looking, so our reason isn't what you think.

It's G.B.S., Shaw Enough

We bring Shaw into or kaleidoscope this week to comment on the fact that so far as play-writing is concerned, he is persisting in bringing up questions which he cannot, or will not, answer. The Bookman observes that Georgie is much of a muchness with the current school of literary youngsters who feel that true art isn't worth the trouble—"We're here so short a time; let us say what we have to say (of politics, economy, etc.) while we can be heard and can observe results (if any)." The Irishman began his political series with "The Applecart," continued his reckless way in "Too True to be Good," and ends up "On the Rocks."

"On the Rocks" is said to be just as evasive and unsatisfactory for those who want to know as its predecessors, and less satisfactory as a play than "Too True to be Good"—which means, we suppose, that even Barry Jones couldn't make it stick. We'd give a lot to see and hear Mr. Jones make the attempt, however.

Save Your Nichols For Peace

"I have always wanted to lay an egg."—Beverly Nichols, of "Cry Havoc!" fame, as quoted in "The Golden Book Magazine."

If Mr. Nichols is employing that word "egg" as did mine-laying gentlemen in the good old days of you know when, we would say that his ambition has been realized. It's a powerful egg, if handled properly, and should beat the Vickers-Krupp-Skoda lads at their own shell game.

Few are so foolish as to think that the egg will be properly handled, of course. There are such little matters as inertia, rabid nationalism, etc., to be attended to first, and we lead all viewers-with-alarm in thinking that dirty work will halt "Cry Havoc!" programs.

Now James Will Re-Joyce

James Joyce, whose "Ulysses" and defective eyesight have brought him so near to being Homer's successor in many ways, is now anticipating a little or even a big influx of "the necessary" as a result of the recent lifting of the American ban on a "chaffering, all including most far-farginous chronicle." A U.S. federal judge has enabled the book to become legal publishing material by his decision that after reading "the passages of which the Government particularly complains several times . . . I do not detect anywhere the leer of the sensualist. I hold therefore that it is not pornographic."

cent. said they did not smoke at all. The amount of time Stanford students have been smoking varies from two months to five years, with the average at about one and one-half years.

Poet's Corner

They walked down the lane together
The night was bright with stars,
They reached the gate together,
He raised for her the bars;
She neither smiled nor thanked him
Because she knew not how,
For he was a farmer's helper
And she was a jersey cow.

—McGill Daily.

Discovery of New Antiseptic Claimed

Cleveland.—Germs haven't got a chance when dosed with a new antiseptic developed by Dr. E. E. Ecker, associate professor of immunology at Western Reserve University, and his assistant, Dr. L. A. Weed.

The new antiseptic is 1,202 times stronger than carbolic acid, and yet has no detrimental effects on human tissues and is non-poisonous.

Experiments have been carried on at Western Reserve and checked for accuracy at other institutions in the United States and in Europe in the last five years, and still all the possibilities of the new medicine have not been explored.

Medical men are particularly interested in the possibilities of its internal use. It is technically known as phenyl mercuric nitrate, and is distributed only to physicians at the present time.

Ulysses Will Still Be Greek

This decision will have many results aside from providing money for eye operations for the author of the book. Many will go to the trouble to obtain S. Gilbert's "James Joyce's Ulysses" in order to understand just what all those queer words and phrases mean; most of the curious will not. The numbers of the latter group will drop considerably, since bootlegging of the book will no longer be necessary and hence much of the thrill will be lost—and the queer words and phrases weren't what they wanted to read anyway.

"Ulysses" will probably sink into comparative oblivion from now on, for the greater part of those who once boasted of surreptitious wanderings through its pages.

Councils—Hear, Hear! Today and Gone Tomorrow

Areoperimeter, who once edited a column of columns entitled "The Sow's Ear," in The Gateway, and who is also remembered as F. E. L. "Felp" Priestley, M.A., was asked at one time whether or not he would write a critique of the Students' Council of today. Any wise person would have realized beforehand the indiscretion of the request. Mr. Priestley aroused considerable indignation of several kinds by saying something to the effect that the Council had been no better and no worse than other Councils: it had, as usual, been composed of "good, stolid, mediocre men."

After attending a recent Council meeting we almost decided to disagree with any suggestion that the present body can be so typified—at least so far as that word "good" is concerned. But any Council that can move and rescind, and rescind again, ad infinitum, in the fashion of Mr. Arnold's parliamentarians, just has to be good.

We enjoyed the privilege of sitting in on the meeting. Takes us back to our youth to do such things, it does.

A Lily Girl With a Big Heart

"If you still cherish an incurable hankering for little gauze sprites with butterfly wings and tiny, starry wands, you are a hopeless but lovable romantic."

Well, yes, we do believe in 'em, and are at least hopelessly romantic, for we believe also in angels; co-ed angels, at that. Magnificent creatures with wings of purest white—with beautiful, iridescent fronds. We met one of them after the last north-bound car had dodged us on Saturday night.

Now there are those who would rally in support of the Lily Maid rather than ally themselves with Guinevere: these would say it was most unwise of the co-ed angel to stop her car and offer to take three unknown males through the chill bleakness, that it was even against the law. The angel ignored the quiescent Lily Maid principle and, being an angel, ignored the laws of men.

May you have five miles more to the gallon for evermore, Angel!

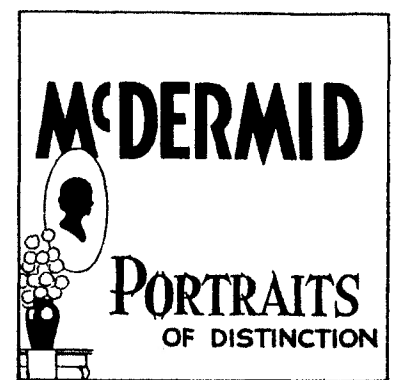
"R.U.R." AT EMPIRE SATURDAY, FEB. 10

"R.U.R." Karel Capek's famous melodramatic satire on industrial civilization, will be presented at the Empire on Saturday, Feb. 10, by the Edmonton Little Theatre. It will be the Little Theatre's third major play of the season, and will be under the direction of Mr. Emrys Jones.

As mentioned in the last issue of The Gateway both Jones and John Rule, who plays the lead, are recent graduates of the University of Alberta. Kenneth Ives, last year's president of the Dramat, has been added to the cast in the important role of Dr. Gall.

The sets have been designed by Frank Holroyd, whose fine work as a scenic artist has on many occasions adorned the stage of Convocation Hall.

Dr. P. S. Warren is the president of the Little Theatre this year, and Dr. R. C. Wallace is an honorary officer of the organization.



"STRIVE MIGHTILY, BUT EAT AND DRINK AS FRIENDS."

—Taming of the Shrew, Act I, Sc. 2.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
CAFETERIA
Cleanliness Courtesy
Comfort

Puns Punched

By H. W. J.

There are many pathetic things in this world, but the most pathetic is the man who speaks of himself as "we" when writing his column. This would be true if there were not a person still more pathetic—the irresponsible who concocts puns. Admittedly puns can sometimes be pushed into a conversation provided they have a flavor of wit or clean-cut humor. But they must come opportunely, with the truism of a swift arrow—above all, they must not seem like puns, but carbonated with that is heard and then disappears with the efficient unobtrusiveness of a trained English butler of the old school. It should serve to make more striking and impressive the topic in discussion—outlining with a bold stroke its contour.

But what do we find in the columns of one esteemed contributor—puns in print, naked, sunning themselves in bold type, yawning luxuriously, for they have nothing to do—they lead on to nothing, explain nothing—they are just puns, futile and utterly insignificant. Cold-bloodedly conveyed, no doubt from a mind of average calibre, they give no evidence that they are the fruit of intelligent thinking. They are not even good puns. Run in to head critical material they plunge the reader into uncertainty. Can a punster be informed in anything he naturally asks himself? Can a section no matter how well composed redeem itself from the imputation cast on it by a tired looking pun? He tries to think, tries to be fair to the mind behind the article. He gives up. The puns grin delightedly, for they are unfaithful beasts, even being known to bite the person who created them.

On reading over the column in question I am troubled to know whether the article came first and the puns were twined around it or, which is more probable, the puns were evolved first and the article added later as seasoning. Whatever the true solution of this puzzle, I can sense the divine lifting of the spirit the production of those puns must have given their master—they reflect in their spoiled and saucy demeanor their depth of consideration and pampering they have received from Daddy.

But lest a proud father be carried away by an all too common conceit of fathers—namely, that their offspring are equally admirable in the eyes of the world as in their own, I must hasten to point out that he is wrong. In fact his children have no right in Canada at all. They should be deported to the British Isles, where they can flourish in their natural habitat. Canadians, then whom there are none more patriotic, dub the spouting of puns un-Canadian, and highly reprehensible enough. How, they ask, reasonably enough I think, would we stand with the U.S. if we allowed within our borders this unmanly practise. Why, they would soon get to suspect the quality of our whisky exports, figuring that they would lead to a loss of virility. And this would be a catastrophe to our brewery barons, and bring in its train international repercussions of great magnitude.

For your Canadian is particular about what he laughs at—it must be broad, it must be brutal, but, above all, it must be American. He admires British justice and world-mindedness when slightly inebriated, but when not in his cups he is "nuts" about American efficiency and "drive." In short, he is the eternal small brother admiring the hell-raising, two-fisted he-man who always

'POOR SHAKESPEARE'

By D. R. C.

"With the single exception of Homer, there is no eminent writer, not even Sir Walter Scott, whom I can despise so entirely as I despise Shakespeare, when I measure my mind against his." Thus Shaw, with an impish delight falls on the Great God Shakespeare and hurls him from his lofty Olympian abode. Shakespeare is a dramatist and a fellow man, avers Shaw.

The playboy of dramatic criticism has beaten the pates of the devotees, who worship at the altar of the all-highest English bard, with incredible gusto and glee. These "bardolaters" have set the playwright up on a pedestal paying uncritical homage to their self-created idol. Why all these paeans of praise to "this immortal pifferer of other men's stories and ideas, with his monstrous rhetorical fustian, his unbearable platitudes—and his sententious combination of ready reflection with complete intellectual sterility?" "Bardolatory" raises the Shavian ire to such a pitch at times that Bernard swears he would be quite capable of hauling up the body of our beloved Will to the surface and pelting his bones with stones. Shades of Swinburne!

Reading between the lines, one suspects that Shaw's attack is directed not so much against the Avon bard, as against the men who maltreat him in one way or another.

Commentators and editors are often guilty of disregarding Shakespeare's word music and of exercising their reasoning powers on various propositions advanced by learned academic gentlemen. Who is not tempted to agree with Shaw when reeling through long finely printed pages of nonsensical elucidation on some decidedly thin line.

Elocutionists—Lord spare us, have a pernicious habit of breaking beautiful poetry into impossible prose, and then there are these infernal actors and actor-managers who know much better than poor old Shakespeare how things should be done, and as a consequence decorate his plays with their improvements.

The chief offenders, Shaw declares, are the producers who read the play and leave only shreds and patches of the original. These benighted sons of truncation can be counted on to discard all parts of the play which are sheer music and to retain every iota of its platitudinous drive. Like Mrs. Todgers, they are guilty of "a dodgin' among the tender bits with a fork and an eatin' of 'em."

There is one bright spot in this murky gloom seen by Shaw because finally there must come a time when the "number of possible ways of altering Shakespeare's plays unsuccessfully will be exhausted," then "the mere desire for novelty will lead to the experiment of leaving them unaltered."

Shaw's chief criticism of Shakespeare is that he was a romanticist. He could not face facts. Take this

gets what he wants.

So you can easily see if the issue ever came up, puns or no puns, American opinion would cast the deciding vote.

To pun or not to pun: can you not hear the incredulous laughs of all true Canadians—laugh at those limp, clammey concoctions of a fevered brain, where the teller has to put on a meaning leer, or perhaps repeat it for the benefit of normal intelligences, to give point to a pointless remark—hold my face down or it will burst out laughing! Why, no Canadian in his right senses would laugh at a pun! He might tolerate it, he might even grin feebly at it, the way we do when somebody steps on our toes and says she's sorry—but to laugh at it, belly-fashion, why no Canadian would do so even if the teller was a bank president.

Personally, I have met a few Canadians who like puns, but they are very quick to stipulate the time and the place. One old gentleman confessed that he does not react so violently if one is administered at the cigar stage of a deeply satisfying banquet. Another admits he laughs uproariously at them after seeping through ten glasses of beer.

But the bulk of Canada only looks incredulous on hearing a pun—incredulous with the deep wonder we save for the man who has walked half-way round the world on his heels, or the shiner who elicits tunes from his customer's shoes as he polishes them. The consensus of popular opinion is that punning is pathetic, futile, and utterly asinine.

Only one thing is worse than a spoken pun, a wild-eyed Canadian told me, that's a printed one—a sloth-like creature forever snoring, and grinning its satanic conviction that the human mind in exceptional cases may be equal to that of the chimpanzee.

FOR THE ABOLITION OF MOONS

Moons are a menace. Throughout the ages they have tantalized, fascinated and led astray countless millions of harmless people. Would Anthony have lost Rome if there hadn't been a moon in Egypt? Would Paris have thrown the fate of Troy into the balance had Greece been moonless? And so on.

Our laboratory analysis of moonbeams shows that they contain equal parts of delusion, mystery, green cheese and insanity, and that upon contact with the human eye they immediately affect the brain with a form of lunacy. Numberless experiments lead us to believe that under their deteriorating influence the average human being suffers from softening of the brain, heart palpitation, weakening of the moral sense, hysteria, an access of blood to the head, nervous tremors, and a general disintegration physically, mentally and spiritually.

During the period of stimulation induced by this narcotic, an ordinarily sane individual is not responsible for his own actions. Moonlight inflicted upon a long-suffering world maudlin movies, doggerel verse, and the drive of sob-sisters in the Sunday supplements. In law courts, moon-crazed people should be charged with chronic alcoholics and drug addicts. Our neuropathic wards, insane asylums, and welfare centres are overflowing with victims of moonomania.

A fortune to the scientist who invents an antidote.

glorification of love business, for instance. Sexual infatuation as a theme in comedy is bad enough, but as a tragic theme it is downright dangerous. "To ask us to subject our souls to its ruinous glamor," says Shaw, "to worship it, to deify it, and imply that it alone makes our life worth living is nothing but folly gone mad erotically."

Shakespeare was unable to deal with the questions of morality squarely. He never attempted to solve social problems. His characters were completely satisfying to the bourgeois Elizabethan audience with its superficial respectability and piddling propriety. This immortal William was a time-saver who exploited "the fondness of the British public for sham moralizing and stage philosophy."

Shaw the Puritan, also finds that Shakespeare had no philosophy or religion. He possessed keen powers of observation but could see no underlying unity in life, and as a consequence, we have a rank pessimist. The products of this vacuity are railers and cynics. With the single exception of Falstaff all of Shakespeare's characters are failures in life, maladjusted beings. Of the 36 plays in five blank verse acts, there is not a single hero! Falstaff, the old sack-soaked rogue, is the only man who thrills with delight as he pursues his gargantuan course through life. The rest are futile pessimists who pronounce the world a meaningless imbroglione of evil and fail to see that it is their own worthlessness that makes it so.

Shakespeare's merry gentlemen and ladies with their indecent jests are most indecent creations. They were not introduced to tickle the "groundlings" as our embarrassed apologetic professors suggest. William was a long time outgrowing his fondness for exhibiting his accomplishments as a master of gallant badinage. Shaw shudders at these coarse sallies. Shakespeare should have represented a blackguard as a blackguard and not have tried to pass him off as a gentleman.

It is impossible to accuse Shaw of

THE INQUIRING REPORTER

Donning his new tie and armed with his little black book, your inquisitive reporter went out to find the perfect man—or rather, what makes a man perfect. The G.I.R. interviewed a few of the most dangerous of the more dangerous of the species with this question: "What qualities would you demand in your perfect man?"

For obvious reasons the names of those giving replies cannot be printed, but any male who feels he possesses the said qualities may get in touch with the said "repliers" by interviewing the G.I.R. at The Gateway Office.

The Queen: "There isn't any such thing, but here is what would make one: First, he must think I am the perfect female. He must have considerable importance, but must not be conceited. Well scrubbed and neat, if not handsome, and expensively dressed. Polished manners. Preferably tall and dark; not necessarily athletic, but what is more important, must have brains enough to get by. Must either make or have money and know how to spend it. Be a good dancer and, above all, have that certain something. There are several other things I can't think of just now. What? No, you wouldn't do."

Pride of The Gateway Office: "The versatility of a Taurus, the wit of a Hodnut, and the persistence of you, sir, will be found in 'my perfect man.'"

The Princess: "I am waiting for him right now and, furthermore, you had better scam before he gets here."

Note: We sent this query to Dorothy Dix, but we guess it must have been lost in the mail, because no reply has been received up to press time.—G.I.R.

CO-ED COLUMNS

archy's life of mehitabel

Those of you who are sophisticated enough to appreciate the "classic silliness" of Lewis Carroll will welcome this latest contribution of Don Marquis as the nearest modern approach to anything so utterly and delightfully nonsensical as "Alice."

archy, as half the world knows, is a worldly cockroach (distant relative of Horace of Tuck) who writes free verse and claims to be the reincarnation of a "vers libre" poet. He has for some time brightened the columns of the New York Tribune with his pertinent satires on other insects and animals and his verbatim reports of the conversation of mehitabel, the alley cat. And now archy has achieved one of the outstanding biographies of the year. It was written, as all his verse is, in sweat and blood, for archy's stenographical attainments are somewhat limited.

Don Marquis, whom archy calls "boss," leaves a fresh sheet in his typewriter every night, and archy types by climbing on top of the machine and throwing himself head foremost on each key. The result, so far as capitals and punctuation are concerned, would make Mr. Pitman do a handstand in his grave, if that is where he is at the moment of writing. As a matter of fact, archy once found a typewriter set for upper case, and so achieved a whole poem in capitals.

mehitabel's friends will be glad to know that she is the same fantastic adventuress as ever. Her numerous disenchantments and disreputable entanglements are of the sort calculated to cause a good deal of whisker-lifting among the more select and conservative Persian and Maltese circles, but in his own words she is

empty mouthings. Some credence must begin to his confession—"When I was 20, I knew everybody in Shakespeare from Hamlet to Abhorson much more intimately than I knew my own living contemporaries." Verify this by looking up his reviews. There is a depth of insight in some of his criticisms which precludes any deprecatory wave of the hand.

It is well, however, to take cognizance of the fact that Shaw was at the time he wrote most of his Shakespearean criticisms a man striving for recognition. He had received a thorough grounding in tub-thumping and journalism, an excellent preparatory school to furnish him with noisy whips to crack. Shakespeare, the unassailed, made a good flogging horse. Bernard always has had a sophomore's delight in shocking.

The explanation of Shaw's iconoclastic behavior probably lies deeper however.

The terrible Bernard belongs to the Reformation. Shakespeare was a child of the Renaissance. The Renaissance, according to Shaw, lacked restraint, sincerity and sanity. In short it played the devil with intellectual integrity. G. B. S. is a creative evolutionist and has faith in man's destiny. He is interested in saving mankind here and now. The hope that it is possible to reform man and his environment is the mainspring of all his endeavor. Art is a weapon for the reformer, a means to an end, and should be given over to ideas. The people at large will not listen to bald polemics. Shaw realizes this. A sugar coating must be poured over the strong medicine of reform. Dramatic form makes his ideas more palatable. "The function of comedy is nothing else than the destruction of old-established morals." Tragedy needs must have noble feeling, faith, beauty and common kindness. The tragic hero has to be convinced of the worthiness of life and the ultimate destiny of man. There must be no tragic flaw in any hero or heroine.—Thus Shaw.

It may be seen at a glance by even the most casual student how antipathetic these theories are to the romantic Shakespeare. Large query marks may be set beside most of Shaw's indictments of our time-honored bard. Little straw men are often attacked with ridiculous ferocity.

It may be said that G. B. S., in spite of his unreasonable jibes, has vindicated himself by helping some of us to slough our irrational, sentimental, adoration of Shakespeare. He has given us a much healthier attitude toward him. We need it.

FRENCH PLAY

"A Qui le Neveu?" (or "Whose Nephew") is the intriguing subject of the sparkling two-act French comedy to be presented in Convocation Hall tomorrow (Wednesday) at 4:30 p.m., under the auspices of the Cercle Français de l'Université. The players are students of the Franciscan College at North Edmonton. Admission is free to students; a silver collection will be taken at the door.

"A Qui le Neveu?" is typical of the "Comédie d'Intrigue," deriving its scintillating humor from the complications of mistaken identity. A certain Monsieur Bolochard is awaiting the arrival of three persons: his nephew, a new servant, and one of his son's friends. Since all three are strangers to him, and since two other unknown people arrive unexpectedly, he is easily led into complications by mistaking one for the other. The confusion becomes more and more general, until—but, after all, the play's the thing. Never were French irregular verbs presented in a more charming fashion. Come and get entangled in the complicated situations of a real French plot. Doors open at 4:30 sharp.

Crossbones and Coloraturas!

After a holiday of two years the Philharmonic Society has again decided to put on an operetta. It's "Joan of the Nancy Lee," something very new in operettas, and we think the choice is a wise one. If things finish up the way they're shaping, it should be one of the most colourful and attractive performances ever put on at this University. Mrs. J. B. Carmichael and Mr. Dalkin are putting forth every effort tirelessly to make this a record attraction.

The scene is laid aboard a pirate ship, the "Nancy Lee," under the captaincy of Dick, a young gentleman who has been exiled from his country for political reasons. The "Nancy Lee" has attacked and captured a ship returning from France carrying Lady Joanna, Dick's former fiancée and her bridesmaids. The opera concerns itself with the way in which Lady Joanna prevents a mutiny of the crew, and makes herself captain of the ship, deposing her former lover. In the process of the plot, Joanna and Dick become reconciled, and the pirates, yielding to the charm of the maidens aboard the ship, forswear their oath to hate women and become suitors for the hands of their captives.

As we said before, it is a very colorful performance. The dainty dresses of the bridesmaids combine with the gold and red and yellow of the pirates' costumes to make a gay and striking scene.

The operetta is extremely well cast, and we are fortunate in having Mrs. Bowstead as our leading lady. She is the petite Lady Joanna, and all who heard her in the "Bohemian Girl" will remember her excellent voice, and will look forward with pleasure to hearing her again. George Conquest as Cap'n Dick makes a most convincing pirate captain, and we believe that this will be his stellar rôle. Ed Davidson as Bill Bloody, the pirate who incites the crew to mutiny, gives a finished show. Mrs. Aamodt as the Dona de la Montana bids fair to walk away with the whole evening. Cyril Pyrcz as Signor Doremi and Reuben Jespersen as Shave are equally good.

The music is something new. It is at the same time vivacious and soothing; it is fantastic, yet wistful. The chorus gets in some excellent work. And it would not be complete without a word about the orchestra—it is doing very good work, especially the stringed instruments.

Come to scoff and remain to—prayer.

clean game of basketball resulted throughout.

The Arrows had amassed sufficient points to give them the possession of the House League Trophy for the year.

Till the end of the season exhibition games will be played with over-town teams.

The lineups: Pembinites—G. Ellert (4), Irene James (1), Thompson (10), McDonald, Aldwinckle, Crawford. Arrows—Wilkinson (2), Marg Smith (6), Kay Stockton (5), J. Irving, Williams, and Mary Smith.

Though the last game with the Grads did not prove quite as exciting as the first, nevertheless there were flashes of real interest.

Irene Barntt, outstanding player for the evening, made baskets that drew applause.

Displaying some of the brilliant play that she showed to Varsity's advantage a week ago so effectively, Army Cogswell put the finishing touch on a few Varsity raids.

Ev Barnett and Gwen Nixon got baskets in right at the start. Ruth Carlyle showed us how play on defense.

Whether the team will travel east still remains a matter of doubt.

CO-ED SPORT

By J. F.

Thursday night saw the finish of a series of House League games for the E. B. Trophy, when the League-leading Arrows met their strongest opposition, the Pembinites, to lose their first league game this season.

Whenever the two teams met the scores have been close, and games of doubtful issue till the end.

Betty Thompson sent the Pembinites into an early lead, contributing most of the points. Then Kay Stockton got in some clever shooting for the Arrows, sending the score up closer at two-thirds time, 11-12. Marg Smith, whenever it grew too crowded for close range shooting, made most of her baskets from long distance.

The Pembinites worked their triple combination, consisting of James, Ellert and Thompson, to bring their hard-won lead out of danger. Final score 18-13.

The refereeing was close, and a

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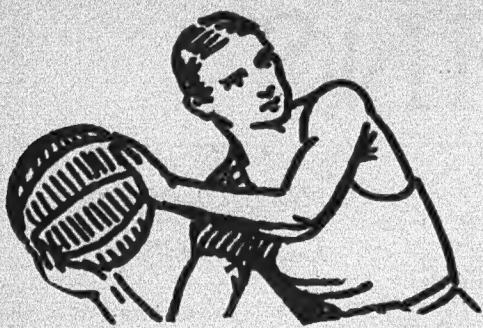
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SPORTS



GOLDEN BEARS TROUNCE CALGARY MOOSE DOMERS

Golden Bears Win From Domers in Both Games

Ken Smith and Claire Malcolm High Scorers for Both Games on Jaunt to Southern City

The Varsity Golden Bears have at last shown that they can do more than just about win games. They met those same Moose Domers, who just managed to win here a few weeks ago, and chalked up a win in both encounters. Long Arn Henderson surprised the sports' writers of the Cowtown with his snappy generalship on the floor, and Ken Smith received their laurel wreaths for his flashy play. We who know him here realize that he was getting what he deserved. That boy is good. Varsity was out in front for the whole of the first game, but the Domers were pressing hard at half-time when the score was 17-15. Ken Smith starred to give the Varsity boys their 35-26 decision when the whistle blew.

Varsity — Anderson (4), Smith (14), Shipley (2), Cherrington (2), Malcolm (4), Henderson (3), Woods (4), Richard (2), total 35.

Moose Domers — L. Olsen (4), Alexander (8), Wares, L. Pilling (2), N. Olsen (6), E. Dick (1), D. Pilling (3), A. Dick (2), total 26.

The second game was of much the same type as the first game played here in the recent series, with this difference: our boys came out on top. At half-time the valiant efforts of Smith, Henderson and Malcolm had put the Bears out ahead to the tune of 32-13. The Domers came right back in the second half to almost steal the game when they came within one basket of heading off Long Arn's crew. With four minutes to go, Ken Smith and Claire Malcolm ran amuck, and put the Bears in the lead,

IN ACTION THIS WEEK



BOB ANDERSON

Veteran of Arn Henderson's basketball squad, that will go into action this week-end against the Raymond Union Jacks.

to cop the series by the narrow margin of 43-38.

Varsity — Anderson (10), Smith (15), Shipley, Cherrington (1), Malcolm (13), Henderson (4), Richards, Woods, total 43.

Moose Domers — L. Olsen (12), Alexander (2), L. Pilling (14), Olsen (5), E. Dick (3), A. Dick, Wares (2), D. Pilling, total 38.

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SPORTING SLANTS

By Cecil Jackman

It was a bitter pill for the hockey team to swallow the other night when they took it from the Superiors. But while the campus squad made a few errors in the course of the game, it has to be admitted that they were up against one of the strongest aggregations of amateur puck-chasers ever assembled in this province.

Joe and Bus Brown are probably two of the fastest skaters in amateur hockey, and why Varsity should play five men up with them on the ice, even when the Soops are short-handed, is hard to explain. In at least two of the games the two teams have played, Joe Brown has scored goals under those circumstances, and such a goal is often the turning point in the game, as it was Tuesday night.

The Superiors could also give Varsity a lesson in the art of forward passing around the enemy goal-mouth. That system they have of evading the defense leaves the goalie hog-tied.

After the game we heard one rabid Varsity supporter express an ardent wish that Don Stuart's nose had been chopped right off to help Varsity win in the playoffs. Such a statement is hard to understand, coming as it did from a University student.

If it is to be Superiors vs. Varsity in the playoffs, may the better team win, and may casualties not sway the verdict one way or the other. Sportsmanship is an essential ingredient of amateur sport, and so far as the fans are concerned the overtowners take the laurels in this regard at most of the games in the Varsity rink.

Clarence Campbell's refereeing comes in for considerable criticism from the fans. One has just got to see a substitute at work to appreciate him. The fact that he referees the pro. games here and in Calgary, and that he handled the Allan Cup finals at the coast last year, is a real tribute to his ability. However, in our opinion he lets the boys get away with considerable rough stuff that might do in pro, but has no place in amateur hockey.

Incidentally, an official of the Elmwood Millionaire hockey team of Winnipeg was in town recently. After looking over both the Superiors and Varsity, he said we have some splendid stick-handlers, but no combination in the case of either team. He said that unless the teams used the goal-crease in their games here and got used to the new strategy it necessitates, they might as well give up all Allan Cup ambitions. There is a bit of good advice for local hockey moguls.

Seniors Fail to Click When Defeated by Soops

Kinnear and McConnell Calk Up Tallies, While Brown Brothers Shine For Gainers'

In the last league match between Varsity and Superiors, the U. of A. boys were forced to bow to the heavy and speedy meat-packers. Both goalies worked hard all evening, Stuart stopping 49 shots and Maybank 42. However, most of Maybank's were hard ones, bringing many a gasp from the crowd at the spectacular saves.

In the opening minutes of the game Rule and Ferguson brought the stands to their feet with a beautiful rush, which Mr. Sticky Ice gunned up at the last moment. Talbot figured in a beautiful rush from goal to goal, but Stuart smothered his shot nicely. About half-way

bined to score from a small-sized scramble in front of the goal. At the end of the first period, with the score 2-1 for the Soops, it was still anybody's game.

For Varsity the second period proved to be disastrous. In this period the Superiors' highly perfected hook-check worked wonders, while Varsity just couldn't seem to get going. Buster Brown opened the period's scoring on a pass from shifty Crossland. Towards the end of the period Lammie and Horne both capitalized on individual efforts.

Husky Pete Rule opened the third period with the most spectacular rush of the evening, but the shot went wide. Shortly after this Jackie Talbot took a walk and a two-minute rest. Montgomery, the commercial high school teacher, then deemed it wise to sail forth from his defending zone, passed Alberta's blue line, flicked it across to a companion of his by the name of Purcell, who heedless of the catcalls and what not of numerous Varsity supporters, caused the puck to bounce behind Maybank.

After thinking over the situation for about a minute, Guy retaliated by putting a hot shot past Stuart all by his lonesome. From then until the end the Green and Gold boys never stopped trying. The Soops settled down to sound defensive hockey with a lead of 6-2.

Excitement grew to a feverish pitch in the last moments of the game, due to a Superior parade to the cooler by McIntyre, Bus Brown, Joe Brown, and again Bus Brown. At one time for a few seconds all three were off at the same time, but U. of A. did not score, of necessity forced to spend most of their time chasing the puck, which was being continually shot to the other end by the two remaining Superior defensemen.

With only about five seconds to go, Goalie Stuart was cut between the eyes with a wandering hockey stick. Joe Brown took his place, and stopped

Varsity Senior Basketball Play Raymond Union Jacks

Cagey Southerners to Stage Second Series in Edmonton This Week

Friday and Saturday of this week sees Arn Henderson's Golden Bears meet the league-leading Raymond Union Jacks in a series of basketball games which are the crucial point in the Gold and Green warriors' schedule. After a poor start, due almost entirely to the youthfulness and inexperience of the team, the Varsity squad believe that they can continue their winning streak, begun last week in

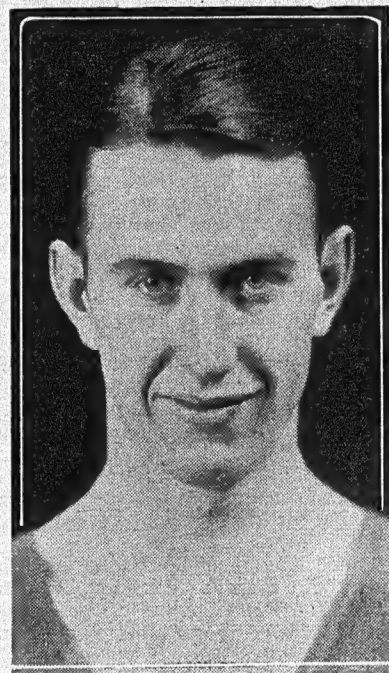
Calgary. If our team has improved enough in playing ability, as they evidently have, to be able to take the Moose Domers on their own floor, and since their moral has been restored by those wins, there is but one reason why they cannot take Raymond on the Varsity floor. That reason is the lack of student support.

It does not take any great stretch of imagination to realize that the team could quite easily have come out on top in those two games played here against Calgary had they had even the slightest resemblance of a crowd instead of the disgracefully small turnout which did see the games. It is not so near examination time that the students of this University cannot take a couple of hours off to help encourage a group of fellow students who have been spending many hours a week in a not unsuccessful effort to bring honor to the University.

The Union Jacks need no introduction here. As last year's provincial champions and as serious contenders for the national title for several years past, they bring here a group of experienced players, which may be relied upon to give the very best in basketball exhibitions.

The Varsity team also is well known. They have a young and fighting forward line with shooting ability and speed to burn. The guards are older, and their greater experience gives the right balance to a squad which deserves the fullest support of all the student body.

STARRED IN CALGARY



CLAIRE MALCOLM

Flashy forward of the Golden Bears, who shone in the two games in the southern city last week-end.

SKATING NOTICE

BAND FRIDAY, FEB. 9

Feb. 9th is going to be a great skating night at the University Rink. If the weather will just give us half a chance, the ice will be polished to perfection. There are still a few prizes for some lucky individuals who attend on Friday evening. St. Joseph's Tuck has donated two hundred cigarettes, and there is also a double pass to the Empress Theatre. There is no need of further encouragement, folks. Just remember Friday, Feb. 9th. The band will be there.

ped one shot before the game ended.

Overskating of the puck and fumbled shots were a regular feature of the game due to the ice condition. Undoubtedly with harder ice, the Varsity boys would have shown up much better, and nevertheless are still in the running for the playoff.

The lineups: Superiors—Stuart, Lammie, Montgomery, McIntyre, Graham, Horne, Purcell, B. Brown, J. Brown, Crossland.

Varsity—Maybank, Gibson, Burgess, Kinnear, McConnell, Cruickshanks, Ferguson, Rule, Scott.

Referee—Clarence Campbell.

Timekeeper—Joe Driscoll.

Summary

First period—1, Varsity, McConnell from Kinnear, 11:55; 2, Superiors, J. Brown, 16:05; 3, Lammie from J. Brown, 17:00. Penalties—Purcell, Graham, McConnell, Kinnear.

Second period—4, Superiors, B. Brown from Crossland, 2:31; 5, Superiors, Lammie, 14:45; 6, Superiors, Horne, 16:75.

Third period—7, Superiors, Purcell from Montgomery, 3:22; 8, Varsity, Kinnear, 4:48. Penalties—Talbot, McConnell, McIntyre, B. Brown (2), J. Brown.

MEN'S ATHLETIC BANQUET

The annual banquet of the Men's Athletic Association will be held at the Corona Hotel on Friday, Feb. 23, at 6:30 p.m. It is expected that all athletes and those interested in men's athletics will make a special effort to attend. Awards, both major and minor, will be presented at this banquet.

Will managers of teams and clubs please co-operate with the Men's Athletic Executive in putting over this one affair of the year that should be a huge success by making certain that their particular branch of sport is well represented.

NOTICE TO INTERFACULTY HOCKEY PLAYERS

The manager of interfaculty hockey is not responsible for ice conditions due to sudden changes of the weather. The schedule as posted on the board each week will be carried through if there is ice to play on. If the hours of games is not all that is desired, please bear in mind that there are only a limited number of hours in the week to choose from, and that preference is given to the Senior League teams, and skating nights, which take up the greater part of Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Last minute cancellation of games, very often, cannot be avoided, so keep in touch with the notices; and if there is any doubt as to the game being played, phone the rink (31358) or the manager of interfac hockey.

Signed, E. R. BORGAL, Mgr. Interfac Hockey.

Note: There are three green and two yellow interfac sweaters missing. It is presumed that they have been carried home by mistake. Will the guilty ones kindly return them as soon as possible to Doc Webster at the rink.

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